

Morgantown



Mirror

A Family Newspaper--Independent of Party or Sect.

News, Literature, Agriculture, and Morality.

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News Items, &c.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.
WASHINGTON, Thursday, March 11.

I learn that the committee on Commerce of the House have completed their bill providing for the improvement of Rivers and Harbors, and will soon report it. The subject has been found very difficult and complicated. No bill of the sort has been passed since 1838, and the claims in behalf of different objects were numerous. But the Committee have confined themselves strictly to legitimate objects, and probably there is not a single work which they propose, that can meet with any constitutional objection. The whole sum which their bills call for, is about eleven hundred thousand dollars. The bill will pass.

THE WHEELBARROW EMIGRANT RETURNED.—Our readers may remember that a man, by the name of Brookmire, went to California about three years ago, from Warren, Penn., and crossed the plains on foot and alone with a wheelbarrow, which contained all his earthly goods. On his tour, he outstripped many, who were equipped with more expensive appointments, and has also beaten them, it appears, after his arrival and since his return. He dug and washed with his own hands about \$15,000 dollars of the "dust," and as it is very apt to pour when it rains, he found on his return, that his wife had received about 10,000 more, in legacies from some relations in Scotland.

The question of a Whig candidate is thus presented by the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer:

We have an old abiding conviction that when the Whig National Convention assembles, Gen. Scott and Mr. Webster will divide the vote of Northern delegates—Gen. Scott having a majority. The entire Southern delegation will be in favor of the present administration and as Mr. Fillmore is the chief of it, they will first cast their vote for him as a merited compliment for his firmness in supporting the constitutional rights of all sections of the country. But this done, they will, we think, ultimately cast their votes for Webster; and the united vote of the South and Mr. W.'s strength in the North will give him the nomination of the Whig convention.

An Interesting Occasion.

The cornerstone of the first free Protestant church in Italy was laid at Torino, October 31. Sardina is the only Italian state where such a ceremony would be permitted. The society of Waldenses, for whom the church is to be erected, embraces about a thousand members, who have hitherto been poorly accommodated in an obscure building. Since the present constitution was adopted, about three years ago, by which freedom of conscience was secured, their number has been steadily increasing, and they have been able to purchase a handsome site for a church on the fashionable avenue of the city, mark of the favor of the people, mechanics have offered to contribute in labor to the building.

A Dangerous Wife.

The Ohio papers state that a man named McKimich went recently to the use of John B. Sisk, a neighbor, near Marietta, Ohio and telling him he intended to kill him, snapped a pistol at his breast three times; and finding it would not go off, he threw him down and commenced beating him over the head with it. Sisk and his wife both cried murder, and finally Mrs. Sisk seized a chair and struck McKimich over the head, fracturing his skull so badly that he died in a few minutes. The coroner's jury immediately acquitted her.

An Indian paper, the Cherokee Advocate, says: "Quite a few came off in this place on Tuesday last. A jumping match between the Hon. Gen. Waddy Thompson, of South Carolina, and his Excellency John Ross, Principal of the Cherokee Nation. The Principal chief had the better of the contest by a few inches.

In Connecticut, Seymour, Dem., is elected Governor, and the Democrats are a majority in the Legislature.

Religious & Moral.

FAMILY MUSIC.

What is day without a sunbeam, or night without a star?—What is spring without flowers, or autumn without fruits? The same is a family without music. This is true in general, and particularly in its devotional exercises.

There is a charm in beholding a family bowing before heaven's eternal King, pouring out their souls in rapture, and adoring that name which is above every name. There is a solemn grandeur in beholding when thus—

"The saint, the father, and the husband prays." At first the accents of his voice are feeble; but as he meditates upon things heavenly and divine, realizing that he is in the presence of the sovereign Architect of the Universe, his intonations become more distinct, his voice rises harmoniously with his feelings, his emotions are aroused and quickened, and content with each other for utterance, as the man of God implores pardon, not only for his own sins, but also for those of the entire brotherhood of mankind, and prays that all may be rescued from the powers of darkness, and restored to the favor of God. There is something indescribable in such a sight, that paints a blush upon the cheek of the sneering sceptic.

This is beautiful; but there is something besides which adds a brighter tint and a sweeter fragrance to this heavenly rose. I refer to that part of divine worship which is so frequently neglected, and yet which is so delightful: *The singing of the songs of Zion.* Whilst, in prayer, they come into the audience chamber of the King of kings, and address him through one, as their representative; in singing, the hoary-headed sire, with the wife of his youth, and the prattling white-headed maiden of sweet sixteen, can unite their hearts in hymning their great Redeemer's praise. Oh, how interesting to view such a family commingling their voices in singing that psalm of psalms, as it is so beautifully paraphrased by Addison:

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare," &c., or, perhaps, on bended knees devoutly chanting—

"Our Father which art in heaven," &c.

Is not such an exercise elevating? Is it not ennobling? Is it not heavenly? And yet how seldom do we find it, even in intelligent Christian families! Would we have a glimpse of the true dignity and excellence of properly conducted family devotion, let us turn for a moment to the poet and read "The Cotter's Saturday Night." In it we see a picture of domestic peace and happiness, drawn from real life, rural in a cottage, amid the romantic highlands of Scotland. It is a true delineation of nature, and a perfect model of beauty. There we see—

"They chant their artless notes in simple guise; They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim; Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise; Or plaintive Martyr's, worthy of the name; Or noble Elgin bears the unwearied flame, The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays."

Music is the harmonious combination and succession of sounds, or, as far as singing is concerned, it is a peculiar modulation of the voice, so as to speak in a forcible, highly pleasing and delightful manner; and this faculty, if I may so call it, is possessed, though in different degrees, by all men, and requires only to be brought out, and like a tender plant to be cultivated, and soon will appear the tree with its fruits. Parents should, therefore, by no means neglect that in their children's education, for upon it depends not a little of their fireside enjoyment.

Singing has a tendency to throw an interest into family devotion, of which many never dreamed. That dull monotony (for in many instances it really is such) is entirely avoided. The children, too, as soon as they are capable of learning, will rejoice in the thought that they too can worship God in their Maker. That Christian family in which the children are properly instructed, and in which the devotional exercises are conducted in this manner, is an enviable one. O, that all the families in the Christian church were such! For if this practice were universally adopted, I verily believe that not so many of the lambs of the flock would wander from the fold, and making a covenant with the wolves, would fall an easy prey. The family circle would thus become more interesting, and the young would not have that constant desire to spend their evenings and the greater part of their nights away from home, in amusement of a very doubtful moral character, if not decidedly injurious. It is owing, doubtless, not so much to laxity in restraint as to the neglect to render home attractive, that the children

of eminently pious parents become dissolute and ungodly. It is a fact undenied, that the mind is never vacant, so that if the principles of virtue or piety and devotion, be not instilled into the youthful mind, the allurements of vice will take hold of it, and when they once become thoroughly implanted and firmly grounded, there will be a difficulty to eradicate them, of which we can hardly conceive.

In fine, as singing the praises of "God and the Lamb" will be one of the grand and glorious employments of the redeemed in heaven, let every family strive to imitate the saints in bliss, as they

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A Virginia Pastor's Testimony.

Mr. Cross, superintendent of Colportage in Virginia, has communicated the following facts respecting the usefulness of publications, furnished him by one of the leading clergymen of the Presbyterian church in Virginia. "I was sent for to visit a gentleman in great distress of mind, who had been awakened to attend to the interests of his soul, but had banished religion from his thoughts, and had been left, as he believed, by God to despair. I spent the afternoon, the night until bedtime, and half the next morning in trying to convince him of the willingness of Christ to save him. He seemed at length convinced, and yet he found no peace. Having observed some books in an adjoining room, I went in to see if something could not be found to suit the case. James' *Anxious Inquirer* was there, having been purchased from a colporteur. I turned down a leaf at chapter two, requesting particular attention to it. After I left, the chapter was read, and then the whole book; and he told me when I returned, that it was the means of saving him from despair. The word of life is divided with great skill in that little book, and it just suited his case. After he publicly professed Christ, he sent the volume to his brother, a physician, and it was the means of leading him to Christ, and he and his daughter united with the church. Both these gentlemen were men of wealth and intelligence. The physician has gone to his rest; he died the day after he united with the church. The other lives to contribute liberally to the various benevolent objects of the day.

"I was afterwards sent for eight miles to visit a lady in bad health and in a distressed state of mind. After conversing with her, I presented James' *Anxious Inquirer* to be read to her. Her husband was a kind, but wicked and intemperate man. He undertook to read and explain the book to her. The result was, that both were led to Christ. Both soon after died, giving every evidence that they died in the Lord.

"A few days ago an old man came to converse on the subject of religion, who reminded me that a year or two ago I sent him a book. He had never thought seriously about his soul, and seldom attended preaching. He had read that book over and over, and then had commenced reading the Bible and attending church. Last Sabbath he, in company with fourteen others, united with the people of God. Since the commencement of the year 1850, forty-three persons have united with this church; and I have reason to believe that the circulation of tracts and books has been prominent among the means which God has blessed."

Singular Providence.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Illinois to a friend in Holland, Erie county:

"Four years since, I sold a piece of land for milling purposes. I bound the company in an article of agreement, which was recorded in the county clerk's office, not to build a distillery on the premises. They built a flouring mill, and prospered well. But last spring the owners thought they could make money faster by adding a distillery. Nearly all the community cried out against it; but they were determined to erect it. They found that they had not sufficient water, and had to expend three hundred dollars in digging for it. They thought they had accomplished this object, but their water conductors failed, which cost them three hundred dollars more. Then they built a large iron crib, which cost about three hundred dollars, and having bought about five thousand bushels of corn, the foundation gave way, and all fell into a destructive mass. After this they experienced divers calamities, in their tubs bursting, etc. But last Sabbath, (this was in December,) they worked all day to repair their tubs. They started on Monday morning, with high prospects of success; but about four o'clock in the afternoon, one of the large tubs, holding six hundred gallons of boiling beer, burst, and two of the owners and three others were so dreadfully scalded that they died before the next morning. So I have spent this day in making preparations and helping to bury five of my neighbors. You may well suppose our little town is in mourning. Sixteen children have been left fatherless by this wonderful providence. How uncertain is life! Truly in the midst of life we are in death. The way of transgressors is hard."

Infidelity—Education.

Girard College, it is well known, was founded on infidel principles; and with extreme provisions of the founder to keep Christianity out of it. But Christianity has got in, with no violation of those provisions. The college has a chapel, which is filled at an early hour every day with 300 lads, and their teachers meet for prayer and reading the Scriptures, and three times on Sunday for regular worship and instruction.

The University of Virginia has had a like experience. It was projected by Jefferson, on a plan exclusive of religion. But experience soon taught the absolute necessity of religion to its success. It now has a chaplain and regular course of lectures, on the evidences of Christianity.

An Apt Simile.

A Roman Catholic priest, some time since, in Germany, on entering the pulpit, took a walnut into it. He told his hearers that the shell was tasteless and valueless—that was Calvin's Church. The skin was nauseous, disagreeable and worthless—that was the Lutheran Church. He then said that he would show them the Holy Apostolic Church. He cracked the nut, and found it rotten.

From the Missionary Magazine.

Sandwich Islanders in California.

The emigration of a numerous body of Sandwich Islanders to California has illustrated, in a remarkable manner, the value of the mission to that people. The first results observed did not appear unfavorable. Numbers became involved in vicious and irreligious courses. But the same is unhappily true of New Englanders who have gone there, and would as really prove the inefficiency of the Gospel in Boston as in Honolulu. Subsequent events, however, have revealed a brighter side to the picture. An interesting letter from Rev. T. D. Hunt, in the *Journal of Missions*, shows conclusively that amid the temptations of their new home the islanders have not forgotten the Christian instructions and associations of their native land. Most of them were not members of churches, and many had been more or less injured by intercourse with foreigners before leaving home. The church members brought letters commending them to the oversight of Mr. Hunt, who maintained a service for them till their departure for the mining regions, since which time he has had comparatively few opportunities of meeting with them.

In the summer of 1849, Mr. Damon, seamen's chaplain at Honolulu, in a tour through California, visited the encampment of the islanders at the mines. He found that they constantly observed the Lord's day, refraining from labor and meeting together for the reading of the Scriptures and for exhortation and prayer. In some instances pious Americans took refuge in their camp to gain religious quiet, that could not be had among their own countrymen! About a year and a half ago a large company on their way to the mines, only a few of their church members, halted at Marysville on Saturday evening. The next morning found them under an oak tree, with their testaments and hymn books, for worship. There they spent the day, while the whole village was astir with business and parties of Americans moving on to their destinations; and while a disturbance was going on in a gambling saloon, that ended in the murder of one of our countrymen by the hand of another.

Three or four months since, a new interest in religion was observed among them. Parties came down from the mountains to see Mr. Hunt and gain instruction, of some of whom he indulged the hope that they were truly converted. At their request a general meeting was held at Sacramento, the second week in November, in connection with the meeting of the Presbytery of San Francisco. More than a hundred assembled, who, if not truly penitent, were sincere inquirers after the way of life. Fifteen church members were present, to whom the Lord's Supper was administered. They desired that a church might be organized, and raised money to purchase a supply of books at the islands for themselves and their countrymen.

There is reason to fear that many professed Christians who went from New England to California, have borne far more equivocal testimony of their piety than have these men so lately raised up from the slough of heathenism and to their unconverted countrymen, has had a rich reward, and is at once an example and an encouragement of those who, with fuller knowledge, and wider opportunities of usefulness, may be said to constitute the advanced guard of the church in that growing Pacific empire.

Be Sure the Fox is Dead.

The following anecdote, instructive on many other subjects besides that of the Maine Liquor law, was related by a venerable speaker at the late anniversary meetings of the Free Will Baptists.

"Father Phinney wished to relate an anecdote. While hearing Dr. Peck telling how wise these rum-sellers have become, I was reminded of one John Skilkins, an old bachelor who lived in Gorham, my native town. Old John was a fox hunter. At one time, an old fox came to his trap, cut off the bait and went off. John went to his trap and looked and said (for he was always talking to himself), 'What does the fox think to outwit John Skilkins?' So he fixed the bait and set his trap the other side up, to outwit the fox. But it was one of the cunning old foxes and he managed to get on the bait, spoiled the bait, and get off again without being caught. John went to his trap and looked astonished, but he was not to be outwitted by a fox; he would show them that he knew more than the whole tribe of foxes. So he borrowed another trap, and set two, so that while the fox was in one, he got his hind leg caught in the other. When John came to his trap he said, 'Good morning Mr. Fox. Did I not tell you that it was no use to attempt to outwit John Skilkins?' He then took up a pitchfork and whaled him on the head, till the fox laid down just as Mr. Peck says those rum-sellers do (applause). He then turned to his traps, and as he happened to look round he saw the fox's tail just going out of sight among the bushes. (Roaring applause.) Now, said Phinney, what I want is, that we should not be deceived, but be sure the fox is dead."

CAUTION TO PARENTS.—The Boston Traveller notices the death of a child in that city, by convulsions, caused by eating raisins. This is no uncommon occurrence. Dr. Dewees, in his work on the physical and mental treatment of children, (a book which parents should own,) mentions the death of three children from the same cause, and remarks that "there is no stomach—unless it be that of an ostrich—that can master the skin of a raisin."

Humorous.

THE BERKSHIRE PIG.

An Electioneering Anecdote.

"The fact is, gentlemen," said one of a party who were enjoying themselves in a private room over a glass of wine, and talking politics, "there are mighty few who know how the State of Louisiana was carried by the Whigs during the last presidential campaign."

"How was it?" asked the party.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the speaker, who had a sly twinkling of humor in his eye. "During the campaign of '48, when the prominent advocates of democracy and whiggery were canvassing the State, one of the distinguished men of each party met by appointment, at a small village, where the people were nearly equally divided in politics. The Democrat spoke after the Whig, and it was the general opinion that the Democrat had carried the day.

"After he had concluded his speech the people were about to disperse, when a tall, raw-boned, ugly-looking customer got up on the stand and said, 'Gentlemen, after you disperse I want to say a word or two in reply to that last gentleman that talked.' At first the crowd commenced hissing and hooting, to put him down, but he was not one of the kind to stay put.

"Fellow-citizens," shouted the stranger, in a stentorian voice, "I will introduce myself to you as a Kentuckian. [Shouts of hurrah for Kentucky.] They say Rome was once saved by the cacklin' of geese; but I don't think the hiss'n' of any of you here will save Louisiana, or elect old Zack!" This speech was received with rounds of applause and shouts of laughter. He had won the crowd over on his side. They perceived at once he was a character, and they became anxious to hear him.

"Fellow-citizens," continued the Kentuckian, "I want a chance, if you will give it to me, to put the gentleman that last talked to you about Gen. Cass, through a course of sprouts." Here the stranger put both hands in his coat pockets, and drew out of one the Cleveland Plaindealer, and out of the other the Nashville Union, and with a sort of serio-comic expression of countenance said: "Fellow-citizens, you mustn't be down on me because my talk is like sawed plank in the rough. It is too late now for me to commence plannin' my language, though I once had a pretty smart sprinklin' of larnin', but I have always thought when I was young I collapsed a flue, and a right smart chance of it leaked out." He then read from the Plaindealer the most strenuous assurances to the Democracy of the North that Gen. Cass was a Wilmot proviso man, and from the Union assurances just as positive that Gen. Cass was a pro-slavery man.

"Now, I am not good at speaking," continued the Kentuckian, "but the Michigan man's position puts me in mind of a little circumstance that happened in my neighborhood in Kentucky, some time ago, which I must tell you. You all remember what a perfect mania prevailed some years ago on the subject of Durham calves, Berkshire pigs, South Down sheep, &c. Well, I had a neighbor by the name of Martin, who was an uncommon clever physician and an importer of fine stock. One day the Doctor stopped to get his horse shod at neighbor Bird's, the blacksmith, who lived about two miles from the Doctor's house. The doctor commenced talking about his beautiful berkshire pigs, and told the blacksmith, in a fit of liberality, that he would give him a pig out of the next litter that 'Su' had.

"In the course of two months or such a matter, the doctor called at the shop and told neighbor Bird that 'Su' had a fine litter, and to send and get his pig. So Bird posts his man Bob off with his wife's large willow basket to get the pig. Between Bird's and Martin's, Sam Smith, who was a great quizz, kept a little grocery, and shearing Bob coming post haste on his master's horse, old Tom, with the basket on his arm, he sang out, 'halloo

Bob, where are you going in such a hurry this morning?' 'I is gwino to Massa Doctor Martin's to get massa Tom's Berkshur pig, what massa doctor promise massa Tom de last time he shod his boss,' said the negro as he reined in his animal.

"Well, Bob, you must stop as you come back and let me see the pig." "Dat I will, massa Sam; dat I will," and away he went at the top of "old Tom's" speed. In less than an hour Bob returned with a genuine swine, and alighting at the grocery, he lifted the cover of the basket, and to the astonished gaze of the grocery man, who imagined a Berkshire to be something more than a mere hog, exhibited a very beautiful specimen of a jet black pig. An idea struck Sam Smith to play a joke on Bob, and knowing his propensity to imbibe, told him to go in the grocery and get a dram. While Bob was gone, Sam Smith ran round the back of the house and got a little black pig nigh about the same heft, and took the pig out of the basket and put the pup in. When Bob came out and mounted his nag, Sam Smith handed him the basket, and off he went. On arriving at home the blacksmith asked him if he had got the pig. "Yes, massa, and a worry fine pig he be too," said Bob, lifting up the cover; "black as a coal," when to the utter astonishment of Bob and Bird, there lay a little black curly puppy. "Is that a Berkshire pig?" asked the blacksmith in amazement, "Why it is a pup, not a pig!" "Bress de Lord," said Bob, "he be pig when I put him in de basket, but he change to pup!" "Take him back, sir," said Bird, highly indignant, "and tell Dr. Martin that I don't want to be fooled with his puppies, and if he don't want to give me a Berkshire pig, to say so."

Bob started back, and naturally enough stopped at the grocery to relate his mishap to Sam Smith, who heard him out with a countenance expressive of wonder, at the same time doing his best to control his increasing desire to burst into fits. "Well, get down, Bob," said the grocer, "and take another dram." Bob didn't require a second invite, and while he was getting his "bald face," the grocer took the pup from the basket, and put back the pig. "Massa Sam," said Bob, coming out to mount his horse, "I am mighty obfuscated 'bout dis pig. Fust I tink him pig, I know he is pig fust, but den I know he is pup too. Arn't you sartain, Massa Sam, he was pig fust?" asked Bob, as he mounted his critter. "I'll swear to it," replied Smith, and away Bob rode for the doctor's.

On arriving at his house, Bob delivered his message, but the doctor seemed somewhat incredulous as to the truth of the story, Bob with a flourish of insulted veracity, opened the lid of the basket, when lo! there was the identical pig that he had started with. Bob stood transfixed, and with his eyes protruding, and mouth open, remarked, "Goshens, taint no use, Massa, he be pup or pig, jus' as he pleases." The crowd became convulsed with laughter, and gave the Kentuckian three cheers. The fellow was hired to tell the same story in the democratic parishes, which he did with such powerful effect that the Whigs carried the State.—N. O. Picayune.

A Western paper says: "We saw a woman carrying a big hog home from market on Saturday upon her shoulder. For the benefit of those who may think her husband ought to have done it, we will state that she served him in the same way a short time before."

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches ever Sunday.

The difference between a man and a baby is this—the former is always putting his hand in hot water, and the latter "his foot."

The House of Delegates of Virginia has rejected a proposition from the Senate for an adjourned session.

New York, March 26.—The Steam- or United States, sailed for Chagres today with 100 passengers.